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LEONARD GOOD

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WHY IS THIS

CHICKEN SMILING

Wording for  
red name

Longman  
for my  
writing





# PROGRAM GUIDE

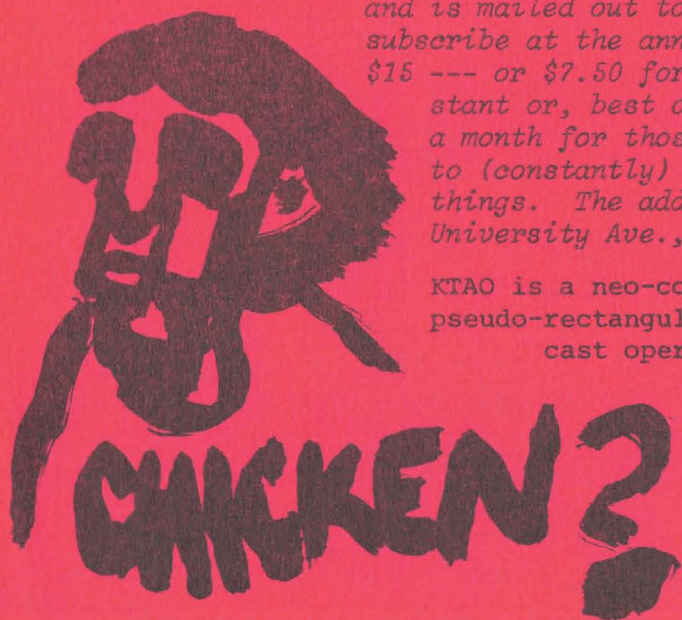
& This is Number 42 of  
Dec 10-16

*The KTAO program guide comes out almost constantly, and is mailed out to those who subscribe at the annual rate of \$15 --- or \$7.50 for the instant or, best of all, \$1.00 a month for those who like to (constantly) mail out things. The address is 5 University Ave., Los Gatos.*

KTAO is a neo-cooperative, pseudo-rectangular broadcast operation which

is heard at  
95.3 mHz  
in much of  
Santa Clara  
County.

We broad-



cast from the fog-tormented peak of Mount Uhmunum, and are on the air with jazz and folk and rock and blues and ethnic and baroque almost all the time. We have 35 volunteers who keep us around to bother your ear and, perchance, urge you to buy this-or-that from one of our sponsors.

three

### SPECIAL HOLIDAY NOTICE!

In keeping with our own brand of Puritanism, and because the you-know-what Season is just a mildly disguised means for selling the hell out of things --- this station will ignore the usual accoutrements of C-----s. We will play no music for the season --- jingle no bells, extrude no false enthusiasm, exhort you in no way (in the name of the great martyr S---a C---s) to buy-buy-buy.

Our reasoning for this is a great loathing for the taking of what could be a good and sentimental season, and turning it into a giant, consciousnessless, miserable shuck: making that which could be jolly and fine into an excuse to badger countless innocents into spending themselves into penury.

We will have a special program around the 23rd, 24th, and 25th of this month---probably a day or two of music from India, and Latin America, and Central Europe. The god of this period will be the patron saint of the aether waves --- Saint Stephen The Cool and Good. It is to him that this 72 hours of music of the other world will be presented. Music for the C-----s S-----n will be played extensively next July.

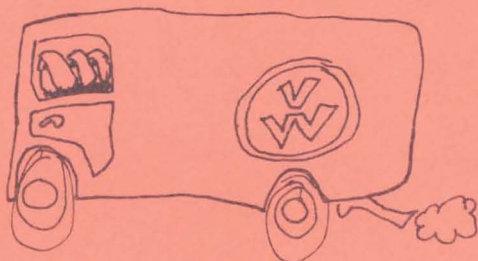
### A POSTER NOTE

The Artifactory of Palo Alto has produced 3000 beautiful KTAO posters---black&white, with pictures men and drums and music. We are delighted to have you hang these in good & worthwhile places. Free: at 5 University Avenue from 7 AM until 10 PM.





# four



*That nut! There must be some way to explain the nut of life. The crucial monthly expense of self and mind which keeps us winding onwards, down the great grey staircase called dying.*

You wake up at six, or seven, or so. And you lie there --- it's still dark. The cricket --- (the one who lives in the corner behind the milk bottles) is quiet, all through with his insane, gracching song.

It hasn't been raining: it's been dumping. The clouds crowding the mountains, come up from Santa Cruz, said 'O bore!' and dumped the moisture carefully collected from the dry dusky days of summer, and the waters come torrenting down. A leak turns up exactly two inches to the left of the toilet basin, and you think of ways to move it right, to accomodate nature and man and the vagaries of an old house.

The stream at the end of the lot which for so long has been a joke not a stream (boulders and dust and grasshoppers) turns to stream to raging mountain torrent to The Giant Yellowknife Monsoon River, and you wonder about going down before the sun to dabble your toe in the curling raging foam-tormented river and all of a sudden you are dragged screaming and yelling down into some mythic torrent underground sewer in the bowels of Mount Uhmunum.

It's nice. No, it's not nice: it's great. No man with his grotesque freeways and distortion of land and sky can stop the torrent --- once it ~~decide~~ decide to come. I can't stop the leak, I can't stop the rain, and I certainly can't stop that goddam dumb cricket keeping me awake all night. They may choose to shove me in some

concrete blockhouse --- but still the  
moss will creep in the corner to hide  
for awhile and keep me company.

five

The ship of financial state of radio station KTAO  
develops a few leaks. Dollars leaking out of  
the drains, slipping out the door when the gods  
and dogs go to sleep. Strange letters start  
appearing from The Credit Bureau of Redwood  
City. Brief notes from the CBC (not to be  
confused with the master broadcaster north of  
the border called the Canadian Broadcasting  
Corporation) the California Bureau of  
Collections. Dun & Bradstreet --- in fine  
corporate confusions --- sends us one day two  
free sample credit searches, wants us to sub-  
scribe to their dunning service; then the next,  
duns us for some long-forgotten debt from some  
long past management.

The man at the brokerage service (where we used  
to go so long ago --- where now there are so  
many empty desks, where the wall is ripped and  
scarred from when they had to cart away the  
expensive electronic moving market board) tells  
me that Mr Iron of the local bank can, perhaps,  
dissolve all my debts, make them well again,  
fix up the holes in the checkbook, arrest the  
soaring flight of the dollar, make those bor-  
ing dunning telegrams disappear. I put on my  
ragged shawl and pick up my battered tin cup  
to go visit the magic Mr Iron.

Mr. Iron's bank is dark.  
It's one of those new  
square-expanse and ice-  
the-tile-floor banks  
which protect the assets





by chilling the customer's hearts. It's called freezing the assets.

Mr Iron has salt-and-pepper hair a bit shorter than my own---like a quarter-inch from follicle to splitend. I forgot to shave this morning. Mr Iron notices. I forgot to press my shirt last month. Mr Iron notices. I flop down in his ice-green-glacier plastic visitor's chair and say "I'd like

to borrow a half a million dollars." There is a smattering of a smile.

"What kind of music you boys play over there?" asks the good Mr. Iron. "O, you know," I say, juggling this morning's three hour playing of a Handel Oratorio against yesterday's festival from Kerala with native instruments and orchestra. "You know," I say: "a bit of rock here, some foreign music. A touch of jazz from time to time."

"I like boogie-woogie," says Mr. Iron. "Pardon," I say, leaning slightly forward in my chair of pain. "Boogie-woogie. You remember that?" "Certainly," I say. Painful memories of Miss Blasingame's Class of Social Dance creep into my head --- memories of 'Boogie-Woogie' being our one hot tune of the evening, when we jumped around the floor a bit, like broken frogs, and I was able to get a few feet away from that girl (O God what was her name) who ate onions every single Friday before dance class --- and moved like a steam shovel. "O yeah," I say to Mr Iron: "I remember Boogie-Woogie." There's a pause. I brighten a bit. "Maybe you like classic jazz," I say: "Do you collect it?" "No," says Mr. Iron. "I don't." There is another delicate pause. I try to push my hair back some. "I don't know what's happened to the music since then," he says: "Something's gone wrong since then. I can't listen to it---won't let the kids listen to it." We pause thoughtfully again. "Something's wrong. I can't listen to it. The music is so ... so strange. Something's gone wrong with the music, and the kids." Mr. Iron, who has eyes with a blue very much like the blue of a glacier looks at me for awhile. Watches me trying to adjust my coat, make it look less wrinkled.

"The nut," I think. "There must be some way for me to explain the nut of life." The wind pulls the willow branches down across the sidewalk. I have to lean way down to get under them. The rain streams down my face; streaks my glasses so the whole world (street, houses, cars) turns distorted and wavery. The whole world turns strange and distorted --- and the wind pushes me back. "The nut," I think. No matter whether it is four in the afternoon (rain) or eight in the morning (sun) or 2 am (dark, cold) time is leaking away. Our lives are leaking away; our bodies turn curved (bending down to meet the earth?) and this day right here, this time, will never be repeated. This---right here. Now: gone.



Eight



There must be  
some way (I  
think) to get  
at the nut of  
life --- our  
days curl out  
of the testes  
of existence  
--- and there  
we are: talk-  
ing to cold,  
dead men, or  
dancing with lonely

ugly girls, or waking up  
to hear the cricket gone, or  
walking in the rain with the wind trying to  
push us back again. There we are: laughing or  
singing or crying or raging or scratching our  
hair or drinking a Sprite or fighting or taking  
a pee: and it'll never happen again. With that  
same set, and configuration, and time: it'll  
never happen again. Never.

It's a nut: the whole thing is a nut. Spiraling  
out of the soft warm bag of the red stain of life,  
coming curling through the endless wraps and  
curves of the universe --- shooting time stuck  
out of the head of some laughing god: there we  
are. Stuck with it, and ourselves, and the  
strange cold bend to men's minds. Stuck coming  
out of the trap of the nut --- which has no need  
to trap us; nor no need to throw us free.

"I should have a philosophy," I think, and a  
big glop of cold rain water finds the gap bet-  
ween coat-collar and neck, runs squirming (me  
and it) down my neck. "There must be a philo-  
sophy to handle this mystery of our days spin-  
ning on --- with no lights, no brakes, no stop-  
ping it all." There must be some way to us (now)  
teetering on the cold edge of importance and  
(then) stuck in the ground with the rocks and  
the cold, noxious-smelling earth. Stopping us  
up: earth stopping us up all over.

"There should be a philosophy," I think. "To  
explain all this," I think.

## PROGRAMS, DECEMBER 10th - 16th

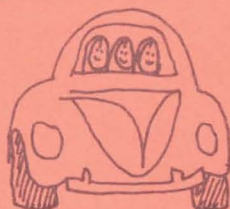
(These are excerpts of the programs to be broadcast: we are on the air 24 hours, with classical in the morning, ethnic & jazz & folk & blues in the afternoons, and rock & jazz after 6 pm.)

### THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10

- 7 am Auntie Cese at a new time. She talks and plays strange & wordful musics (to 11)
- 11 am Kelly's Poetry Program. Live voices from the Santa Cruz Mountains.
- 11:30 The Dairy Council of California Strikes Back: recent correspondence with that august group caused us to suggest that there was some skilldrudgery involved in their trying to get us to play their free tapes on the air. Mr Ben Coplan, P R Director, reacted vehemently --- and we offered him this free time to explain.
- NOON THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE UNIV. OF OREGON PRESENTS RACISM. One of a series recorded by KBOO; a symposium given in October---this one includes Harry Edwards and Art Pearl. (KBOO, Portland)
- 1 pm Classic Jazz: the classic program with Mike Duffy & old records (KRAB, Seattle)
- 6 pm Jazz Freak --- Dwight Freeman brought, in part, by The Sweater Shawp, 54 N Santa Cruz
- 9 pm SPANNER: Jeff Smith with more experiments in education. Discussed live (until 11)

### SA ulp FRIDAY, DEC 11

- 11 am RONNIE DAVIS INTERVIEW. A sleeper from November. Davis, founder of the San Francisco Mime Troupe, came to KTAO to stir up the dust, and this interview ---which is really a solo performance---resulted. The role of street theatre, the nature of obscenity, the famous 'Canadian' bust are almost discussed. Great. Great. Great.





# ten

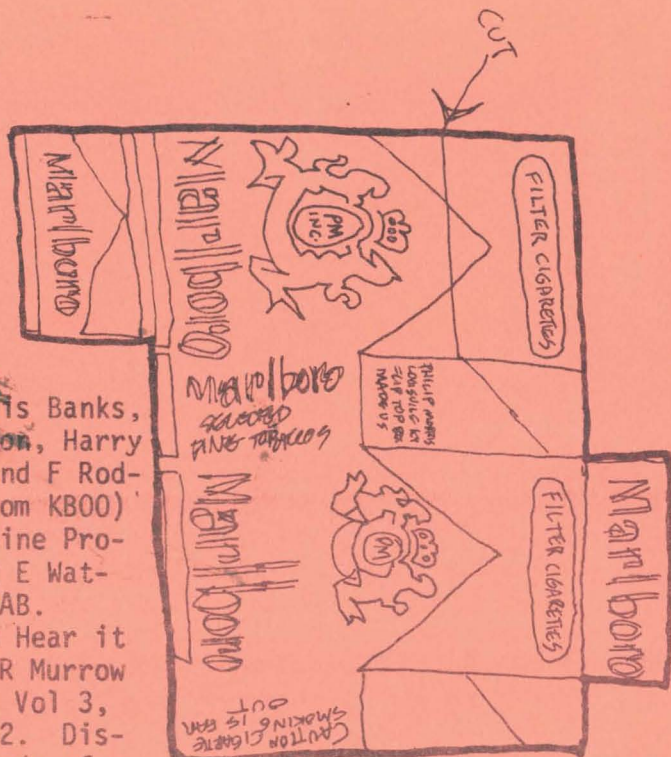
NOON: The ASUO Pre sents Ra-cism...

#2: Nathan Hare, Dennis Banks, Eddie Benton, Harry Edwards, and F Rodriguez (from KB00)

1 PM The Wine Program, with E Wat-son, of KRAB.

9 PM I Can Hear it Now. Edw R Murrow Back When: Vol 3, 1919 - 1932. Dis-count Records of San Jose Presents.

And, at 11 PM: X - 1. Old Time Radio Drama.



## SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12

Starting at 7 --- The Saturday Morning Baroque Show, with Wm Z Wade; today featuring L'Incoronazione di Poppea by Claudio Monteverdi in the Vox - Rudolf Ewerhart version. Then at noon, Hugh McAllorum, Irish Genesis---sponsored by Magnetic Tape Distributors of Palo Alto, and The Dutch Goose of Menlo Park. At 3, Bluegrass (often live) with Al Knoth; then, at six, Ric George comes on (strong) to bitch about American Life and talk a bit about Mozart Volkswagen of Palo Alto and Saeeda's of Los Altos. Good Strong stuff, and his gravelly voice, and all...

## SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13

Midnight, Chris Campbell with rock until 7, and Al Whitaker plays romantic chamber music to 11 am. Then, David Freedman, wild Pataphysician, until 3 pm with H Vernon Buck and the pure ethnics, then jazz \* blues and stuff until midnight.



MONDAYK, DECEMBER 14

- 11 am The Paris Peace Talks --- Wilfred Burchett (National Guardian Correspondent) is interviewed in August for KDNA.
- 11:30 Cese Interviews...then, at noon, plays music with readings until 2.
- 6 pm Old Blues & stuff with Stu Grace.

TUESDAY, DECMEBER 15

- 11 am CIVIL DEFENSE: The Case for Nuclear War. A reading from the October 1970 "Washington Monthly" by Al Schwartz of KBOO. This has to be one of the best expositions of Pentagon-Rand positions in favor of the bomb.
- NOON The ASUO Present Raciasm. Program #3, with Rick Jackson, David Aguilar, and Ray Eglin.
- 1 pm More Classic Jazz--- with Mike Duffy.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 16

- 11 am Talking to the Mayor some more. Chas DeFr  tas --- worried, articulate, and concerned as usual; in live interview.
- 11:30 Shakespeare for Africans: One of the most famous programs of Prof Simon Ottenberg of the Anthropology Dept, Univ of Wash.
- NOON The 78 Show. John Dahlquist with American Music on 78s. He invites listeners with interesting 78s to call him at 377-5799.
- 1 PM The Friday Afternoon Show. R Q Garfias, of the Univ of Wash & KRAB  
---takes off on some unlikely  
compo-  
ser.  
(until  
2 or  
3 or  
so)...

COVER OF GUIDE  
BY PETE BLIND.  
Other illustra-  
tions by Daryl  
Fazekas.

